

## ALONG THE HAMAKUA COAST ON THE MAIL COACH LINE

By Frederick O. Matheson.

LAUPAHOEHOE, March 12.—I have journeyed over the Hamakua road with two congressional parties; I have scattered dust and seared horses along the Riviera of Hawaii in company with a secretary of the interior, and I have bumped along the same route with an ex-Vice President of the United States and a real Governor of Hawaii, but to get the real flavor of the country and to see things as they appear from the ground one must journey over the line in a Volcano Stables' mail coach behind a four-in-hand, in company with the transient traveling public. My former trips between the Big Island metropolis and this place were made in shiny seven-seaters, which only struck one rock out of four and which slid along between breakdowns at such a pace that one carried away as impressions of the trip only vague memories of tossing cane by the mile, long streaks of green spotted here and there by dashes of white when the autos careened through plantation camps. There occurs, also, incidents of Japanese horses trying to climb palis, with owners stringing together staccato oaths in pidgin-English. The real beauty and enjoyment of a sauntering sightseeing along and through Hamakua, the rich, is lost by auto.

Not so when you take a seat on the mail coach, which lumbers its way each day from Waiannuene avenue to Judge Barnard's hotel, Main street, Laupahoehoe. I have made the trip and am here to prove it.

### A City Spirit.

Hilo has taken on for itself a new atmosphere. I spent nearly two days there this week—deducting half a day spent at Waialae—and I found Hilo's boasting of their town. It was pleasant to hear. When citizens unite to tell what a good place they have sufficiently loudly as to drown out the voice of the croakers, that place is all right. The last thing I was shown, when I swung on the mail coach, was the corner where Hackfeld & Co. was building and the Japanese driver swung his whip around to point out the Masonic Hall as we clattered past. Now that Hilo has a city spirit—more important far than a new hotel, a Masonic Hall or a breakwater—Honolulu has a potential rival.

### Hawaiian Prohibition.

My companions on the stage coach were an old Hawaiian lady and a little Hawaiian girl. The former held herself proudly aloof on the start, but the latter was ready to be made a friend of through the medium of a bit of cocoanut candy. I find that candy speaks an international tongue and serves as an introduction about anywhere. Before the coach swung out of Hilo, however, the Hon. M. K. Kealawa was a passenger and politics began to warm up. The veteran statesman informed me that he intended to be the next supervisor from Puna, which betokens ill for Norman Lyman, the incumbent. As a guarantee of good faith, the Puna supervisor-to-be told me he had just given one big luau and was getting ready to give another one.

"How about prohibition in Puna?" I asked. "Will the Hawaiians vote 'aye' or 'no'?"

"I think 'aye,'" he answered. Then, remembering that he was the original woman suffragist in the Territory, he added: "If wahine vote, sure aye."

"Sure kela," spoke up the old Hawaiian lady, whereupon she and Kealawa broke out into a dialogue of gutters and I passed the candy again to the baby.

We picked up a Jap or two along the road, but they were very casual passengers, jumping on and off without interrupting the steady bumping of the conveyance. At Wainuku, three Filipinos joined the party, and they greeted the driver like a long-lost brother. Between the Japanese-Filipino-Hawaiian-English concert I gathered that they and the stage-coachman had arrived on the last Mongolia, the latter from a visit back to Japan. On that same boat had come the second batch of Russians, and I was surprised to learn that my driver and his Filipino friends knew as much about the Russian pillkias as I did. The Filipinos all spoke fair English, having gone to school to learn it. They appeared bright, capable young chaps, and as soon as they became convinced that I was not an officer of the law were very friendly and communicative. Their suspicion at first was that I was going to prove them for cock-fighting.

### An International Episode.

The two were on their way to Honolulu, where, they said, all the Filipinos were going to leave and seek work elsewhere. Pressed for a reason, they said that one of their countrymen had disappeared from the plantation, and the police "no hunt, no do nothing."

Following up the mystery, I was told the following tale of international war, showing that pillkias come on the best regulated plantations:

A week ago Friday, on March 4, to be exact, a Japanese laborer, coming from his bath like Venus from the sea, strolled along the main thoroughfare of the Honoumua camp with nothing on but his banfulness. In his wanderings he met a Filipino lady, who expressed a vigorous opinion of a man who could so far forget the conventionalities as to go shopping in a state of nature. This slur against a Japanese custom, sanctioned by the ages, drew angry retorts from the Japanese, who very fluently remarked that a Jap sans costume was infinitely to be preferred to any Filipino, even though garbed in all the glory of a Solomon. Whereupon a Filipino champion, raising his little cry, smote him on the jaw with a cobstone.

Reinforcements arrived, and an inter-number of Japanese made a masterly retreat from a superior number of Filipinos. There was a muttering in the air, however, and the plantation manager arbitrated, his decision being that there must be pau pillkias, and that on the morrow he would expect both Japanese and Filipinos to be out at work. The victorious Filipinos retired to their camp to celebrate and the Japs drew off to talk it over. Sweet peace settled down on Honoumua.

The dove had scarce time to settle her feathers, however, until the incubation was broken up. The Japanese, smarting from defeat and their pride affronted with cake, loaded up a cart with cane and other munitions, armed

themselves with cane knives and hatchets, and swept down, 150 strong, upon the Filipino quarters, where they made it uncomfortable for the little brown brothers and their little brown wives.

By the time the plantation police arrived there were seven Filipinos wailing in their gore with sundry backs in their hands and arms, more Filipinos under bunks with Japs reaching for them and still more Filipinos hitting the high spots throughout the scenery. At the present writing ten Japs are waiting trial under 4300 bonds and the Filipinos are rapidly resigning their Honoumua positions. No one besides the three Filipinos who told me these particulars appears to know anything of a missing Filipino.

"How do you like this country?" I asked, after all the sanguinary details had been threshed out.

"No very much. Rice five dollar one sack. Manila three dollar."

Particularizing, I was informed that a man and his wife and two babies had hard scratching on \$18 a month. A man in single blessedness could kaukau for eight pesos a month, which left him enough to dress on and lay his regular Sunday wagers around the cock pit. I was also told that regular work for three years would earn as a bonus a yearly raise and free transportation to Manila at the end.

At Honoumua the three slid out on the road, just in time to raise their hats and bow low to a black bearded priest.

### Learning in Double Shifts.

Honoumua, besides being one of the pleasant spots along the road, is also a great academic center. Here are located the two schools for the children of Japanese residents whose means allow them to send their offspring to a boarding establishment. The road runs between the schools, the Christian on one side, with its racks full of wooden guns and its little chapel, and the Buddhist establishment on the other, with neither signs of war nor church of peace visible. At these schools are gathered the children of the Japanese elite, from Olua to Honoumua. It was on a Saturday that I stopped long enough to compare the external evidences of Christ and Buddha as shown by the two school buildings and one noticeable thing struck me. The Christian school was closed for the day and baseball was going on in the yard; the Buddhist school was "in" and the classes were reciting. Further down the road the same Saturday I passed other schools. Government schools were observing the holiday; not a single Japanese school was.

"Japanese go government school two o'clock, go Japanese school, Saturday go Japanese school all day," explained my driver. This leads to more reflections upon what is going to happen when these doubly educated and tireless Japanese children get to the ballot box.

### The Saloon Question.

I am told that the saloon question is wisely answered in this country; that there are enough saloons to handle the trade without cutting each others' throats and that the illicit selling is kept within bounds. That there are enough along the Hamakua road is certain, that they keep out the blind pigs is not so certain. I found one blind pig without looking for it. The probabilities are that there are fifty between Honoumua and Hilo, so I am informed by kamaianas.

Every hamlet has its saloon and the majority of them, are sorry looking dumps. The vice of intemperance has none of the gilt that goes with it in the cities, the saloon interiors being as bare of ornamentation and mirrors as a carpenter shop. Most of the places appear to be run on shoe-string capital.

I can not say what custom these places have after dark, but at no one of them did I see an oriental on the buying side of the bar as I passed one after another during the daylight hours. They were Hawaiians, always Hawaiians, whose money went over the bar inside. I only saw one really drunk man along the whole forty miles, and he was a Hawaiian.

There is a saloon and a wholesale house here in Laupahoehoe. When I passed the saloon at six o'clock it was dark. "Broncho," the proprietor, was home at dinner, but on his steps sat a score of Hawaiians and two or three Portuguese waiting for him to open up again. After I noted this I had a prohibition argument with a whole regiment who stated first that he would favor a law to tabu intoxicants to kanakas and who concluded his argument by declaiming against any law that would allow missionaries to import liquor from the Coast and would operate only against those poor kanakas who never had money enough to send away for anything. Having thus run the gamut of anti argument he concluded by instancing the damage done in Mississippi through prohibition, in which State "every store is a blind pig. Even the photograph galleries sell booze, and every man drinks rot-gut."

His arguments were unanswerable, but I could not help wondering, in my silence, who in the State of Mississippi ever voted hard enough to put the place dry if every man drank rot-gut and every merchant was a booze seller.

### The Sanitary Campaign.

At every camp along the road the hand of President Mott-Smith, of the board of health, was evident. All the camps have been thoroughly cleaned up, a number have been remodeled and some have been torn down and rebuilt. At Papahoua, a model camp has been put up, with concrete floors, perfect sewerage and sanitary conditions, as good as some hospitals and better than the average hotel.

Health Inspector LeBlond is directly in charge of the cleaning up campaign and is on the job. He complains of butters in, but is getting results in spite of them.

As a consequence of the good work, mosquitoes are becoming rare, sickness is only occasional, and there has been no recent case of plague.

There are a few Russian families in the Hamakua district, but as I met none walking in towards Hilo, I am led to believe that the saloon has not located them as yet.

## LOCAL ST. PATRICK DAY ELOQUENCE

Major McGinnis Addresses the  
Hibernians at Meeting at St.  
Louis College.

St. Patrick's day was celebrated last night by a gathering in St. Louis College hall, at which Frank D. Creedon, president of the local branch of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, presided. Father Valentin, Mrs. O'Day, Miss Payne and others sang, and an address was delivered by Major McGinnis, a former governor of Montana, which was full of eloquence and good Irish sentiment. The major spoke as follows:

For ages of glory and centuries of woe, in eras of joy and sorrow alike, the loyal and faithful sons of Ireland have celebrated the anniversary of that great priest and apostle, who kindled the fire of Christianity on the altars of the druids, and displaced their gloomy and bloody rites, with the spiritual sacrifice of the passion and death of Christ. Who laid the foundation of that learning and civilization which flourished for centuries, and adorned not only that island itself, but spread its light through the shadows of barbarism which surrounded it, and illuminated the coasts of the continent nearby. It was the sunburst of the modern day. It is meet then that you who have wandered over sea and land until you have formed homes and resting places in these isles of the blessed, that rise from the bosom of the vast Pacific; these beautiful and blessed oases in the illimitable desert of the sea; these gems of paradise, long concealed in the immensity of their surroundings, and revealed as the adornment to the beauty of the world and an addition to the joy of mankind. Emeralds rising from the sapphire deep, set in the pearl wreaths of the foam and the filigree of the breakers, over the encasing reefs of coral, the fiery and flaming hearts of the globe, cooled and annealed and tempered in the sea which still with mists and showers clothes and covers them with verdant greenery; flowers and shrubs and vines that carpet the earth, and palms whose starlike fronds wave in the azure of the sky; the grand oaks of old Ireland even are overshadowed by the mountains of branches and leaves which shade these isles. But a few years since in this month I visited the grave of the old missionary at Downpatrick. For a thousand years the family of Magennis have been the lords of those sacred lands, and the custodians of the silver hand of the saint, and the new claimants and wearers of their titles are makers of stout and ale and brewers of high degree, who have left of the Mac and call themselves Guinness. The chivalry of the past is dead, and the beer-bottle and the label of pale ale takes the place of the crest and motto on the coat-of-arms. So it has been of course that the O's and the Macs have been dispossessed all over Ireland, but their descendants now see a rift in the clouds of disaster and despair, and the sunshine of hope pouring floods of lustre through. And these will not mourn the loss of wornout titles if they can regain the possession of their laurels and the right to rule themselves once more. The titles can be swept into the waste basket of feudalism with the house of lords across the channel, and the democracy of three kingdoms and the principality of Wales, will rule in accordance with the rights of the many as against the privilege of the few.

Well the body of St. Patrick may rest beneath the bleak mountains of Mourne and on the shores of that cold and stormy sea, but I am sure that his genial spirit would enjoy itself in these blissful and balmy isles, and would respond to the hearty and jovial cry of Aloha to Honolulu!

But it is not in pleasant places alone that the memory of Saint Patrick will be celebrated. There are few spots on the earth so desolate, few places on the seas so remote that some son of St. Patrick will not be there to celebrate the day.

In the great cities of the world—in London and New York, in Boston and Chicago, in cities of the continent, in India and Africa and places that have not often heard the Irish tongue—the day will be revered. How often have I seen the mighty columns march. They are marching today—stalwart, strong, able grand specimens of manhood—armies that would be invincible if armed and led on any battlefield. Armies that are doing better work on all the fields of labor, industry and physical, mental and spiritual achievement than the fields of war. On the 17th of March, 1863, the army of the Potomac was encamped on the Rappahannock River, on the other side was the grand army of Virginia. In the corps to which my regiment belonged was the famous Irish brigade, commanded by that brilliant and gallant Irishman Thomas Francis Meagher. The eloquent advocate of freedom in his own land, he had been taken and tried and sentenced to death and finally transported to this side of the world. The convict ship had carried him around Cape Horn and ploughed the waves of the Pacific Ocean, until it landed him with others on Van Diemen's land. He made his escape and came to the United States and received a warm welcome and earned great fame on the lecture platform and in the world of letters. When the Civil War came on he raised the brigade, for he felt that the experiment failed, all failed. In the midst of war he planned a great celebration for St. Patrick's day. We had games and races and steeplechases which tried the finest riders in the army. The commander-in-chief and all the renowned generals and all the officers and men of the great army who could get there were on hand. Ladies came down from Washington and formed an unusual feature in army life. I remember the beautiful Kate Chase and

a bevy of her fair friends; the Spanish wife of General Scales; the Prince and Princess of Salina, a beautiful woman and graceful rider whose devotion to the Empress Carlotta in Mexico redeemed all the eccentricities of her earlier career. It was a most brilliant and extraordinary spectacle on the grim fields of war. It was joyous beyond belief, nor was it disturbed by any shot or demonstration on that day from the other side. The constant war of the field batteries was suspended.

Not one solitary picket fired a gun. The river flowed in peace. We all felt the reason. There were many Irishmen wearing the gray on the other side of that narrow stream. It is the misfortune of a race that has no nationality of its own to fight in every country's quarrel and waste itself in many a cause, and the Irish blood has watered laurels for many a crown of glory, on the battlefields of the nations. But the armies who were to meet so soon on the dreadful field of Chancellorsville, kept the peace in honor of the day, and the airs of Dixie and the Star Spangled Banner, Erin go bragh, Tara, Halls and the Wearing of the Green were echoed and answered from the lines of the blue and the gray across the silent water and peace prevailed upon St. Patrick's Day.

Among the argonauts of California, and the islands of the Pacific, led by the lure of gold, in the depths of Africa, in the mountains of China, and the coasts of Alaska, Siberia and Japan the sons of St. Patrick have led the hosts of prospectors and miners, for gold and silver often to send largely of their winnings to repair some old church or to build a new one in their old parish in the island of the saints. We of the West know many of these. John Mackay and Jim Fair, Flood and O'Brien of the Comstock, Marcus Daly, John Caplice and Thomas Cruse of Montana, Casey and Sullivan in Colorado, Burke and Sullivan and Sweeney and Patrick Clark in the Coeur d'Alenes, Johnny Healey of the Klondike and a host whose names fill the history of California; John D. Ryan, now the president of the great amalgamated company, names that fill the pioneer pages of the great record of mining in the West, were all sons of St. Patrick and lovers of his day and of his name. Nor was it in mining alone but in cattle and wool and railroad building, the erection of cities the opening of farms and the making of States, in all these, they were pioneers, and the names which carry the baptismal waters of St. Patrick's priests will go down forever in the American story of the conquest and development of the West.

The efforts of sons of Ireland were not confined to material work alone. In spiritual and educational efforts they were in the front. It sometimes seems as if the miseries of the island made it a preserve out of which saints and missionaries were to follow their great exemplar and go out into all countries. They have certainly done a great work in the United States. The first missionaries in the southwest were all Spanish, and the great work of early days in the northwest was done by French and Belgians, but the Irish followed in great force and with mighty power. The greatest intellectual and moral force in the Northwest today is John Ireland of St. Paul, and his young disciples fill most of the bishoprics in the West. What they have done in these islands is known to you better than to me; but I am sure they will do their share and leave their mark in the building up of good government and the creation of patriotic sentiment in this beautiful country as becomes all children of Erin and sons of St. Patrick.

### End of the Alameda?

When the Oceanic liner Alameda left the wharf yesterday morning at 10 o'clock for San Francisco many felt that the Hawaiian band and those waving handkerchiefs at departing friends were giving the popular vessel a final farewell. Many water-fronters are of the opinion that the Alameda has made her last regular voyage to Honolulu, and that when the much renovated Sierra goes on the San Francisco-Honolulu run she will go on permanently. The Sierra has been fitted up in first-class shape, and with her oil-burning engines will be able to maintain a high rate of speed. There are many water-fronters, also, who believe that with the advance in modernization of ship construction the old Alameda has about served her usefulness, inasmuch as she has to compete with big liners, well equipped with everything conducive to the comfort of the passengers. The Alameda is small and does a lot of pitching, and as newer and larger vessels are placed on the local run passengers express a preference for them over the old-timer. However, the dining-room service of the Alameda cannot be beat on the Pacific.

The Hawaiian band was in attendance on the dock yesterday and gave the Alameda a fine musical sendoff. About eighty passengers occupied the first-class cabins, and the cargo comprised a full load of local products, including sugar and a very large consignment of canned pineapples.

The passengers were loaded with leis and presented a pretty appearance as they lined the rails. Among those leaving were Walter F. Dillingham, who goes to Washington on business connected with the change of drydock plans for Pearl Harbor, and who is shortly to be married in Chicago to Miss Louise Gaylord. Mr. and Mrs. Naugard, who opened and managed the ice-skating rink, were also passengers.

The cargo was a banner one, in that it included a wide variety of Hawaiian products. In addition to 6014 sacks of sugar, the Alameda's hold contained 12,000 cases of canned pineapples, 1450 sacks of coffee, 10,000 sacks of rice, 550 packages of miscellaneous freight, 167 bales of hides, 12 crates of pineapples and 4412 bunches of bananas.

### ANTI-AMERICAN.

BOGOTA, Colombia, March 17.—Serious riots occurred here today as a result of the attempt to resume the running of the American car line that has recently been established. In order to prevent an attack from the mob, the American Legation was placed under a heavy guard by the authorities.

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Castle & Cooke will pay \$250 per month for their new offices in the Customs block, Fort and Merchant streets, according to the terms of the lease that has been recorded. The term of occupancy is ten years and five months, \$250 being the rental for the first three years and five months and \$250 per month for the remaining seven years.

## JAMES M'LEAN, NEW PRESIDENT

Promotion Committee Meeting  
Yesterday Shows Many  
Lines of Activity.

James F. McLean, vice president of the Inter-Island Steam Navigation Company, was chosen chairman of the Hawaii Promotion Committee at yesterday's session of that body, in succession to W. A. Bowen, who has resigned preparatory to making an extended tour on the mainland. The selection of Mr. McLean was popular and was unanimous.

A vote of appreciation was taken by the board and tendered to Mr. Bowen. R. H. Trent, who moved the vote, stated that the promotion committee had done some of its most effective work under the chairmanship of Mr. Bowen, and the members felt that in his resignation they were losing a most effective promotionist. Mr. Bowen thanked the members, who said he hoped their goodwill would follow him in his travels.

The new chairman has been a member of the promotion committee for some time and is regarded as a cautious but enthusiastic promotionist.

### Should Customs Charge?

Acting Secretary Cooper called attention to customs charges made against the committee for bundles of literature sent here from various countries. He explained that the matter is merely complimentary and the committee really derives no special benefit from receiving the stuff, but it comes in exchange for literature sent out from Hawaii to promotion organizations abroad. The matter will be taken up by a committee to ascertain whether such stuff can not be entered without duty being paid.

### Postal Card Greetings.

Under an arrangement made by Secretary Wood, the committee will shortly send ten thousand postal cards showing scenes in Hawaii to school teachers on the mainland. On the correspondence side is printed a short letter advising the teachers that Hawaii is about the best place in which to spend their summer vacations. The cards are quite attractive.

### Bishop Moore to Help.

Bishop Moore of the Methodist church, who is here presiding over the Methodist conference, will give addresses on Hawaii when he returns to the mainland. He will be provided with stereoscopic slides for use in his addresses. It was stated to the committee yesterday that Bishop Moore is not only a powerful speaker, appearing before intelligent audiences composed of people who travel a great deal, but that he is enthusiastic over Hawaii.

### A-H Line Helped.

W. H. Hoogs reported that he had been most satisfactorily considered by General Manager Dearborn and General Agent Morse, of the American-Hawaiian steamship company, in the handling of the Atlantic city bureau materials for the promotion booth to be established there by Secretary Wood. The company took the entire lot of stuff, weighing about fifty tons, and will land it in New York at the very minimum of cost. Mr. Dearborn said that if it had not been for the Mexican government requiring its part of the freight expenses, that he would gladly have landed the stuff in New York entirely free of cost. A vote of thanks was tendered Messrs. Dearborn and Morse.

### Waikiki Coral Problem.

J. F. Bush, as a special committee on the Waikiki bathing beach coral, reported he had seen Superintendent of Public Works Campbell, and that the latter was willing to cooperate in every way possible to rid the beaches of coral. He said that prisoners could possibly be obtained for some parts of the work, although blasters would have to be provided. Mr. Bush and Acting-Secretary Cooper will have a conference with the hotel people this week to ascertain whether a cooperative plan can be devised whereby the troublesome coral can be removed and the cost kept down.

### Alakea Wharf Boom.

Mr. Bush also reported that all arrangements had been made with the superintendent of public works regarding the room to be set aside for the exclusive use of the promotion committee on the Alakea wharf. This will be upstairs and a sign will be placed over it so that travelers landing from steamships may be directed to it for information.

### Sacramentans Want to Come.

V. L. Hatfield, of the Sacramento board of trade, writes that he is planning to get a bunch of his friends together for a visit to Honolulu. He has had the trip in mind for some time.

A Detroit man wants to know whether there is a chance for a "stove moulder" to get work here.

A Vancouver (Washington) man wants to know if there is any prospect for him to do anything here with a thoroughbred trotting stallion.

### HE DID IT.

At a city night school where an exceedingly mixed class, composed of Russian Jews, Italians, Slavs and Frenchmen, was trying to attain some facility with the English language, one bright young man from Naples, distinguished himself above all others. The problem set before the class was to write a paragraph containing the word "disarrange," and he wrote: "My wife she got up in the morning and she took the breakfast for me; and when she try to fight the stove she would not burn and she say, 'I don't like disarrange.'"

John Wright Hunt, a wealthy man of Savannah, Los Angeles, and New York, has begun suit for divorce from his wife. A Russian, who claims to be a business of the east, is named as co-defendant.

## CASH MUST BE FORTHCOMING

Steamship Companies Will Demand  
Deposits With All Bookings  
Henceforth.

### MANY ABUSES AT PRESENT

Matson People Issue Circular  
Letter Telling of Their  
New Ruling.

All the shipping offices in the city handling passenger business, except the Inter-Island company, have had under consideration a method by which the duplication of bookings can be eradicated, or at least the abuse lessened, but the Matson company has been the first to put a method into effect. The company will hereafter require a ten-dollar booking fee with each name placed on the lists, and has had a form printed which can be sent out to all intending passengers by the Matson route, as follows:

In order to assure our patrons of definite transportation and assignments by steamers of the Matson Navigation Company's line between Honolulu and San Francisco, and to prevent abuses of the privilege of making reservations, we have been compelled to adopt the plan of requiring a booking fee of ten dollars for each person, at the time the intending passenger makes reservation. It is understood that the booking fee covers reservation for one person only on one individual steamer, and applies on transportation charges.

Your name appears on our booking list by the S. S. .... sailing from Honolulu ..... We shall be pleased to have you call at our office and deposit with us ten dollars on or before March 21, 1910. If we do not hear from you on or before the time stated, we shall consider that you desire your reservation canceled. Very truly yours,

CASTLE & COOKE, LIMITED,  
T. H. PETRIE, Secretary.

Agents, Matson Navigation Company.

The Oceanic Steamship Company's local agency and the Pacific Mail company agency have both had the matter under consideration, but have not considered it wise to go to the extent of calling for a booking fee. It is understood that the Hackfeld plan is to issue a form which can be sent out to persons listed on their books, calling their attention to the possibility of getting accommodations and to notify the office seven days before scheduled sailing time of vessels whether or not they intend to depart on this or that vessel. If no reply is made seven days ahead of the proposed sailing the name will be erased from the list.

This method is believed to be feasible, as when a person's name is erased the one next below goes up a peg, and if the one whose name was erased later decides to go his name will be placed at the foot of the list.

This method has been under consideration for some time but has not been definitely settled. It is likely that the Oceanic company may follow the same policy.

In the case of the Matson and Oceanic companies, however, the agents know almost to the hour when their boats are to leave and just about how many passengers can be accommodated, as Honolulu is a terminal and starting point. In the case of the Pacific Mail, Honolulu is merely a port of call, and the local agents are unable to state to any intending passenger whether accommodations are available or not, at least until cable advice is received from Yokohama.

## COMFORTING WORDS

Many a Honolulu Household Will Find Them So.

To have the phins and aches of a bad back removed; to be entirely free from annoying, dangerous urinary disorders is enough to make any kidney sufferer grateful. To tell how this great change can be brought about will prove comforting words to hundreds of Honolulu readers.

S. C. Fones, builder and contractor, 1720 Sargent St., Joplin, Mo., says: "Kidney and bladder complaint made its appearance in my case when I was young and I steadily grew worse until it was feared I would die. I consulted a specialist in Chicago, but he did not help me and the plasters and electric bells I wore, were useless. I suffered from severe pains through my kidneys and various other symptoms of kidney disease and I knew that if I did not soon get something that would cure me there would be little chance of my recovering. After an unusually severe attack which laid me up for two weeks, Doan's Backache Kidney Pills were highly recommended to me and I made up my mind to try them. I procured a box and soon after I began their use the symptoms of my trouble gradually disappeared. My condition improved steadily from that time on and before I realized it, I was in good health. I feel that Doan's Backache Kidney Pills saved my life." (Statement given in 1905.)

On Dec. 9, 1908, Mr. Fones said: "I still firmly believe in the merits of Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. It is a pleasure to make the fact known that my cure has been permanent."

Doan's Backache Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists and stockholders at 50 cents per box (six boxes \$2.50) or will be mailed on receipt of price by the Hollister Drug Co., Honolulu, who are sole agents for the Hawaiian Islands. Remember the name Doan's, and take no substitute.